Newlywed Blues (and Reds)
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by rivkat

Summary

For jakrar: After Clark destroys the spaceship at the end of season two, he flees the scene to steal the red-K ring in Chloe's desk. Clark decides that if he's leaving Smallville for better surroundings, he wants some entertaining company, and that (perhaps more importantly) he isn't about to lose someone like Lex Luthor to some undeserving interloper like Helen Bryce

- Translation into 中文-普通话 國語 available: 新婚之（幸与）不幸 by lisabart

Clark was disappointed that he'd missed the wedding. It would have been great to walk up the aisle and let everyone know that there'd be no vows today, not when Lex belonged to *him*.

After that, though, there was no reason to hurry. He liked the idea of a vacation with Lex, far away, plenty of time to explain to Lex how things had changed. Lex had sold him out last time, refusing to run away to Metropolis together, so this time Lex wasn't going to get a chance to object. As a bonus, they could dump Helen somewhere even farther away.

So he supersped into the back of the airplane, where all the extra drinks and snacks were stowed, right after the pilot finished his final check.

When they boarded, Lex and Helen didn't act like he expected newlyweds to do. They were as polite as if they'd just finished a big fight. Clark smirked to himself. He should've known that Lex wouldn't really have married for love. There was some other motive here, and it was probably all about Clark.

Lex was lucky. Now, he could cut out the middleman and get Clark directly.

But Clark still had some questions, and Lex wasn't likely to answer all of them if Clark just asked. Even if they weren't in love, Lex and Helen were definitely sleeping together—no way would Lex give that up—and Clark realized now that he wanted to see Lex in action. Lex's mouth, his hips, his eyes; everything about him down to the cut of his pants promised that he really knew what he was doing. Clark wanted the benefit of that experience.

Lex wouldn't really mind if Clark watched, Clark knew, even if he squawked about it at first. Lex hardly had any ground to stand on, what with him always prying and interfering, trying to get Clark and Lana together.

Then the strangest thing happened: Lex put down his champagne glass, looked confused, and slumped back into his seat. Helen watched him closely for a minute, then stood and went towards the front of the plane. "Ready?" she asked the pilot, who nodded, and they both got out—Clark X-rayed--*parachutes*, of all things.

Clark thought these things only happened in James Bond movies; it was a new level of weird even for Smallville. He could've gone out

and stopped them, or even put holes in their parachutes and *then* seen how well they liked abandoning Lex on a pilotless plane. Except that this was an even better chance to get Lex far away from everyone else while Clark explained how things were going to be from now on. Helen had betrayed herself drugging Lex; Clark would save him, and after that no one would separate them. Lex wouldn't let them.

If there was anyone who could figure out how to get Clark's Kryptonian heritage off his back—and, more to the point, off his chest—it would be Lex.

Of course, Clark didn't exactly know how to pilot a plane, and while he definitely wouldn't bet that Lex didn't, Lex was currently out of it. Clark focused his vision further, which seemed a lot easier with the ring on since he wasn't doing so much stupid worrying about his powers, and saw mostly water around them. But there, in the distance, was an island big enough to be covered with trees. They'd probably be fine there, and if necessary Clark was sure he could swim to someplace more populated once Lex understood the new order of things.

So he allowed Helen and her co-conspirator to leave (though he was looking forward to Lex's no doubt epic revenge). After a few more minutes he picked Lex up, honeymoon style—it was appropriate for the day, after all, and Lex looked good all sleepy and compliant—and followed them out the door.

The less said about the swim to the island, the better. Even though Clark couldn't get tired, it was still possible for him to have to bend at awkward angles, and Lex nearly swallowed a lungful of water more than once. And then they were both soaked, which on the one hand was a good excuse to get Lex stripped down to his boxer-briefs, but on the other meant that *Clark* had to choose between a wet shirt and exposing his newly seared chest. Even with Lex still unconscious, he didn't like that idea.

Fortunately, zipping around the island gathering dried driftwood for a fire got him most of the way dry. The Boy Scout training his dad—Jonathan Kent, he corrected himself, he didn't have a dad any more, but that was okay because he had Lex—anyway, his years of studying knots and lean-tos had a payoff, especially since he didn't have to bother with starting a fire using sticks and fluff.

Even better, Lex started to stir not long after Clark got the fire going, before he'd really gotten a chance to become impatient.

Lex pushed himself upright, his lean muscles highlighted by the flickering flames. He drew in a sharp breath as he met Clark's eyes, then quickly glanced around.

"I'm sure you have a really good explanation for this," he said, making it sound like an insult.

"Helen's a bitch and she was going to let you die," Clark told him, which he thought was a fair summary.

Lex blinked. "That's unusually … forthright of you."

Clark shrugged and rose from his crosslegged position where he'd been waiting for Lex. "I've finally figured out what I need," he said. "I need a life of my own, away from the farm, away from all those people who think they know who I am. I need to use my abilities to take care of myself. I need to get out of Smallville."

"Mission accomplished," Lex pointed out.

Clark snorted. "Yeah, no kidding."

"Clark," Lex said carefully. "How did we get here?"

"After Helen knocked you out—Lex, you have the worst taste in women—I took you out of the plane and swam here."

Lex's mouth worked, as if he were trying out several different reactions. "When you say you took me, what exactly do you mean?"

Clark took the few steps necessary to be by Lex's side, and then sat down again. He was still in charge, sitting or not. Feeling the thrill of Lex's eyes on him, he arranged himself carefully, crossing his legs at the ankle and draping his hands over his knees. "I think you know what I mean, Lex."

"It would be all but impossible for a human being to hang on to another person through a fall like that, and then swim safely to shore," Lex said.

Clark rolled his eyes. "Really?"

"Clark, are you--?" Lex stopped himself, because he wasn't dumb. "Fine. Clark, is this your way of admitting that you have the benefit of some extraordinary attributes?"

"You could say that," Clark agreed. "Or you could say I'm an alien

from the dead planet Krypton."

Lex froze like he'd been stopped in time. A stick snapped in the fire. Clark waited. He didn't think Lex would freak out, but he was beginning to worry that he'd actually broken Lex. Humans were so fragile, but he'd thought Lex was the exception, nothing like the rest of them back in—

"*Clark*," Lex said, his voice shaking, his eyes wild as the sky. Yes, that was it, the expression Clark had aimed for, wanting it even more now that he had it. Lex grabbed Clark's arm, tugging at him, and Clark turned to face him directly even though there was nothing Lex could have done to *make* him move. The way Lex's eyes darted to his own hand on Clark's shoulder told him that Lex knew as much. "Who else knows?" Lex asked.

"Are you always this jealous?" Clark asked, feeling the surge of red Kryptonite in his blood, making him reckless, making him want to poke Lex until something more happened. "Don't worry, Lex. Nobody important knows anything."

Lex didn't look satisfied.

Clark sighed. "Look, we should probably work out a plan to take care of Helen and Lionel. They're dangerous. But I don't want to think about that right now, and I don't think you do either. We can just stay here for a while. Now's not the time to worry."

Lex's face got that blankness that meant that he was struggling very hard with himself. "If Helen just tried to kill me and my father might find out your secret, why would I sit around on a desert island?"

Clark brought his hand up to cover Lex's, still clutched in his shirt. Lex's hand was so much smaller than his, but long-fingered and beautiful, like the rest of him. His skin was cool compared to the heat of Clark's. Lex's eyes grew wider and Clark could feel the shudder go through him even though they were barely touching.

"Because, Lex," he said and gave Lex his biggest smile, "you're on your honeymoon."

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